WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. 1.] SATURDAY, October 30, 1802. [No. 4.

THE UNFORTUNATE FEMALE.

[Concluded from p. 18.]

"TO have quitted a husband on whom I doted with the fondest affection, at the moment when he required all my attention and zeal, would have been sacrificing conjugal duty to parental tenderness, and augmented those afflictions which I trust few are destined to feel.

"Though I had little reason to hope that my father's inflexibility would be softened by a knowledge of the sufferings I had sustained, yet I resolved once more to try if every spark of affection was extinguished, and his heart become callous to every appeal that could be made. I painted my situation in that energetic language which genuine affliction so naturally describes, and conjured him to stretch forth his hand to preserve the life of a being on whose recovery depended the happiness of his child. But my letter, though opened, was returned unanswered; except by an absolute command never more to write.

"The worthy Mr. Dalton, who alone seemed to pity our misfortunes, had removed to Lisbon for the recovery of his amiable wife; and the agent in whose hands he had left a resource for our distresses, proved unfaithful to the trust, and the supply was never paid. The debilitated state of my beloved Edwards was such as to demand constant attention and care; but I was unable to procure him those comforts and indulgences which a diseased frame so naturally requires. I still continued to receive employment from the milliner, and used to rise early and retire late; yet, in spite of industry and exertion, we were daily involved in difficulties and distress, and, had we been liberated from confinement, must absolutely have perished in the streets.

"Dreadful and forlorn as was this situation, yet I supported it with fortitude and resignation whilst I entertained a hope of my husband's life; but when that cheering ray was withdrawn from me, and the moment arrived when I beheld him sinking under disease and pain, every consolatory thought was entirely banished, and a sudden madness seemed to take possession of my brain. In vain I strove to conceal my agitation as I wiped the dews of death from his beloved face; he perceived the anguish under which I laboured, and endeavored to reconcile me to his approaching fate.

"I leave you, my Matilda," said he, as he pressed me to that bosom which expanded with affection whilst it had power to beat, "to the care of that Being who protecteth the widow, and defendeth the fatherless, as with a shield. Yes, gracious Power!" he continued, lifting up his eyes to Heaven, "unto thy hands I commit my beloved wife: in mercy deign to succor and protect her, sustain her body, and support her mind! And, oh!" said he, turning to the sleeping infant, which was stretched upon the side of our miserable bed, 'may this child never participate in the misfortunes of its father, but prove a source from whence his mother may draw consolation throughout life.'

"This consignment of the objects of his affection to the care of that Being in whom alone he knew they could confide, so completely exhausted his enfeebled faculties, that I thought at the close of it he must have expired; however, the lamp of life continued to glimmer faintly until the next evening about half past eight, when the last sounds he was capable of articulating died away in attempting to pronounce my name.

"I will not attempt to describe the horrors of that moment, for they were such as to defy the power of speech; but the Being who had afflicted gave me strength to sustain them, and I felt bound to support them for the sake of my child. As I was seated by the side of my beloved Edwards, and gazing with tenderness upon his pallid face, the door opened, and my persecutor presented himself with a countenance expressive of remorse and disgrace.

"Monster!" I exclaimed, in a voice of frenzy, "art thou come to view the wreck of happiness which thy artifice has destroyed? or dost thou think the

power of death can divide us, and that I shall not be sheltered by these protecting arms?' Saying this, I threw myself by the side of the body, and placed one of the arms round my waist, which might induce him to fancy I had lost my reason, for, without attempting to approach, he instantly retired. In this situation I was found by the wife of the jailer, who intreated me to remove into another room; but, though I refused to quit the apartment that contained the body of my beloved husband, I was at length persuaded to remove into another bed, to which in a few hours I was confined by the agitation of my feelings, and from which, for upwards of five weeks, I was unable to move. Of what passed during that period not the slightest traces now remain; but I found that I had been attended both with tenderness and solicitude, by the express desire of the too late repentant C——, who, shocked at being the cause of such an unexpected misfortune, offered the only atonement penitence could make.

"Though I owed the preservation of my existence to the assistance he had procured me, yet I could not bear the idea of being under obligations to the being I despised; and resolved, the moment I was sufficiently recovered, to leave the abode he had assigned me, and seek some remote asylum for myself and child. The people to whose lodgings I had been removed during my state of delirium had been so completely bought over to his interest, that I knew it would be necessary to keep him ignorant of my intended flight; and the excess of weakness which then overpowered me gave them no reason to suppose I could have formed such an intent.

"The sport of Fortune, and the outcast of my family, with this dear infant in my arms, I tottered into the street, with the intention of reaching the house of an old servant who had lived with my father when I was a child; but this design was fortunately frustrated by a merciful Providence directing that we should meet."

Here she closed her affecting narrative with expressions of gratitude which I do not think it necessary to repeat; and my countenance bore testimony that the melancholy relation was not likely to be soon effaced from my mind. After requesting her to endeavor to suppress the emotions which a recital of such sorrows could not fail to produce, I left her to the care of her humane attendant.

Finding that her father had returned to Shropshire and had entirely given up his town retreat, I assigned a plausible reason for absenting myself from town for a few days, and travelling post, arrived at the end of my journey about three o'clock on the following afternoon.

I was informed by an old domestic that the father of Matilda was too ill to be seen; that he had been pronounced in great danger, and that the night before, his life had been despaired of. While the servant was giving me this intelligence, the physician appeared, corroborated the account which had just been given me, and lamented that no friend was with his patient who had influence enough to make him adhere to his advice. I soon explained to the doctor the nature of my business, and entreated him to introduce me as a physician on whose judgment he could depend; finding that he still refused to have his daughter named in his presence, and that I should never gain admission if I appeared as her friend. To this plan my new acquaintance consented, and I found my patient labouring under violent bodily pain, which I positively asserted was in great measure occasioned by a load of uneasiness upon the mind: in short, I acquitted myself so well in my new capacity, and seemed so perfectly to understand the nature of his disease, that he repeatedly thanked Doctor S—— for introducing me, and entreated me to remain in his house all night. As that approached, his weakness seemed to augment, and four large blisters tortured him with pain; I therefore took that opportunity of requesting him to disclose his uneasiness, as the only likely method of preserving his life.

"Have you no friend, Sir," said I, "in this alarming moment, in whose bosom you might wish to repose your griefs? no affectionate *child* whose filial assiduity might tend to soften the impression of disease and pain?" "No, no!" he exclaimed, in a pettish accent, "I have no friend, no child, solicitous about me; besides, I made a vow never more to see her; and a vow ought to be considered as an irrevocable decree."

"A vow that can militate against the duty of a parent, I should conceive," replied I, "it would be a crime to keep; and, however great may have been your resentment against your daughter, at a crisis like this you ought to be at peace." —For some moments he remained silent, and then sighed out Matilda's name. "Matilda!" I exclaimed, in apparent astonishment: "surely Matilda Edwards cannot be your child!"—"She was," he replied; "but stolen from me by a villian, whom I never will pardon whilst I have breath or life."

"That villain," said I, "as you term him, is gone to give an account of his actions before a Judge who I trust will be far less severe; and your child had expired upon the common pavement, but for the charity of a stranger."—— "What do I hear?" faultered out the repentant father, whilst the tears of contrition rolled rapidly down his cheeks. "Oh! merciful God, can I hope to obtain forgiveness, who have been deaf to the intercessions of an amiable child?"

As soon as he was a little composed, I related the whole of Matilda's history, from the time of her leaving her father's house to avoid being united to Mr. C——; and every word I uttered, called forth fresh marks of contrition, until I began to fear his body would suffer from the agitation of his mind.

When the violent effect of remorse had subsided, he expressed a desire that his housekeeper should set off immediately for town, and bring Matilda and her child down by short journeys, to prevent her from suffering any bodily fatigue. —On the fifth morning after the housekeeper had left us, I perceived the chariot driving up briskly between the lofty avenue of trees, which convinced me that the health of the object in whose welfare I had been so much interested had undergone a wonderful change.

I shall not attempt to describe the meeting which took place between Matilda and her father, for language would ill paint the affecting scene; but I shall merely say, that I had the happiness of seeing her reinstated in that mansion in which she had despaired of ever being again. Her father seems to endeavor to efface the remembrance of his cruelty, by every mark of tenderness and affection, both to herself and child; whilst the disconsolate Matilda, in spite of his attempts to divert her, appears to have buried all felicity in her husbands grave.

AN APOLOGY FOR QUACKS.

[*From the British Mag.*]

SIR,

IN your last number I observed an *Essay on Quackery*, which I read with some avidity, hoping that the writer was one of those who laudably employ themselves in removing the film of delusion from the eyes of the people, instead of which I was sorry to find him of that class whose business it is to perpetuate mistakes, and render prejudices permanent. What else but so unworthy an object could have induced him to censure a description of men so valuable in populous nations as them he is pleased to call *quacks*, but whom I choose to distinguish as men of great medical skill, and still greater philanthropy, who deal out health to the public at moderate prices, and cure diseases "when all other methods have failed."

Permit me, therefore, to attempt a vindication of those much injured characters: this I shall do in as few words as possible, and principally under the following heads:

1. The dignity of the physicians, *mechanical* quacks;

2. The infallibility, and

3. The universality of their medicines.

With respect then, first, to the *dignity of the physicians*, it is obvious that much need not be said in addition to what we have from their own mouths, or rather from their own pens; for, except my learned friend Dr. Bossy (of the college of Tower-hill) we have scarcely any who practice *viva voce*, or ever see the patients they cure. It is asserted from this respectable authority, that they are all regularly bred, that they have studied in many universities, have walked (by) many hospitals, and have practised in all parts of Europe; some of them have cured emperors and kings; some have abated the pains of grand dukes and duchesses; and most of them have scoured the peerage, and given relief to the complaints of countesses in their own right;—a proof of skill, as well as of consequence in the world, which is very noticeable, for it is notorious that the disorders of people of quality are extremely difficult to cure. Now that men who have attained such eminence should be so humble as to take in hand the maladies of plebeians, is a very remarkable instance of condescension, although perfectly consistent with the philanthropy they profess. As to *degrees*, it would be very odd if they, who have studied in so many universities, should miss something of that kind; but the plain fact is, that they are, to all intents and purposes, doctors, as much as the appendage of bags to their heads, and M.D. to their names, can make them. There is great use in such appendages, if well considered; for example, a learned and benevolent gentleman whose works are now before me styles himself, "A Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Aberdeen." Now, sir, if this proves any thing, it proves two things; first, that there is such a college of physicians in existence; and, secondly, that he is a fellow of it: two points which, I will venture to affirm, were never before ascertained.

But to proceed, secondly, to the *infallibility of their medicines*.—It is notorious that the faculty, as they are called, have lost the art of compounding *infallible* medicines, if ever they possessed it, which, under correction of Warwick-lane, I very much doubt. And if medicines are not infallible, I should be glad to know what dependance we can place upon them? Is my gout to be removed by a dose of *probably* and *perhapses*? Well, what have these quacks done? They have revived the art of making *infallible* medicines; they deal in none else; and the cures they publish must prove this, or else they prove nothing. Observe how well they are attested: sometimes by persons of rank in the state; sometimes by the minister and churchwardens, who, *ex officio*, must be judges, and would as soon admit the doctrine of *infallibility* in a *Pope* as in a *pill*, without the evidence of their senses; sometimes even by persons living in the most remote and unknown parts of the kingdom—persons whose names would, perhaps, never have been heard of, if they had not been induced to take two bottles of the infallible elixir, or two boxes of the infallible pills, which bro't *them* into life, and their names into the papers.

So infallible are these medicines, as every attested case will prove, that it must be a matter of wonder to hear of any persons labouring under sickness. And so numerous are these infallible remedies, that the existence of disease is both a wonder and a shame, and I am surprised that our legislators, to whom the population of the kingdom must ever be an object of importance, should not enact a law, making it criminal for any man to have a bodily complaint beyond the number of minutes, or hours, necessary to reach the temple of Hygeia. One would think, indeed, that most people were enamoured of disease, that there was something pleasant in a fever, something genteel in the gout, or something extremely *degagee* in an inflammation; one would suppose that pain was pleasure, and that racking tortures and aches were the most desirable of earthly blessings.

In the third and last place, let us consider the *universality* of these infallible medicines; and here certainly is the great superiority I claim. If our esteem for an infallible medicine that cures *any* disorder can be increased, it must be by considering that it can cure *every* disorder. Physicians have long considered a panacea as a *desideratum*, but, after repeated trials, they have given it up as an impossibility. It is not my business to enquire the process of their research, nor why they give up as an impossibility what so many ingenious gentlemen have nearly found out; I say nearly, because I wish that this *apology* shall be distinguished for its candor. When, therefore, I asserted that the medicines in question are not only infallible, but cure *all* disorders, I use the word *all* in the more lax and popular sense, as when we say, "all the world went last night to see Pizarro," although a considerable number of persons residing abroad were not there. In the same latitude we are to understand the universality of our infallible medicines, namely, that one of them will cure a *great many* disorders. A list now lies before me, out of which I shall mention one medicine which cures *ten*, another *fourteen*, a third *twenty-three*, and a fourth upwards of *thirty*, the ladies, all as contrary to one another as a man could wish in a complicated case. I observe too, that in some cases, the doctor, after enumerating the class of diseases to which his elixir or syrup applies, adds *&c. &c. &c.*, by which he must be understood to mean what his modesty will not permit him to express. I observe also, that although no one medicine professes to cure all the disorders enumerated in our Nosologies, yet three or four can, all this the

whole sanative art is brought, if I may so express myself, into a ring-fence, and not an ache nor a pain can escape. In this manner, therefore, I would have it understood, that our infallible medicines are at the same time universal, or possess a *panacæatic* virtue.

It is very well known, that the true way to acquire perfection in any art, or science, is to make it the study of one's whole life, to devote one's whole mind, time, and attention, to it. In this way it is that particular persons have become eminent in particular branches; whereas if a man wishes to embrace the whole circle of the sciences, he can expect to obtain a superficial knowledge only, or what we call a smattering of each. Now, there is this difference between my doctors and regular bred physicians, the latter wish to embrace the whole art and science and mystery of healing, whereas the former think the labor of a long life well spent, that has produced a single *elixir* or a *syrup*. Does it not stand to reason, that a syrup, or bolus, acquired by many years' study at many universities, and an extensive practice among "the crowned heads of Europe," must attain to much greater perfection in its qualities than an hundred prescriptions, on which human life can bestow only a casual attention? Think, of twenty years study and travel producing only a *pill*—the whole *ars medendi* in a pill-box! Must not that pill be the most perfect, or, as those who practise among *crowned* heads term it, the most *sovereign* of all pills? Undoubtedly. Accordingly you will observe, that our infallible doctors rarely pretend to more than one discovery of this kind; into that is put the essence and quintessence of all their knowledge and practice, and all the virtues they have been able to extract from "the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms;" virtues which, let me tell you, would produce very partial effects, were they, instead of being thus concentrated, to be scattered over all the spirits, tinctures, elixirs, syrups, powders, pills, juleps, emulsions, decoctions, and boluses, of a pharmacopœia: and thus it is that infallible medicines *must necessarily* be infallible. Q. E. D. But, having executed my purpose, I remain, sir, your humble servant,

PILL GARLICK.

VIRTUE, like fire, will make its appearance where it exists.

SEDUCTION.

THE first seducer of a young woman breaks a link in the chain of Providence which can never be pieced again.—You have robbed some sincere lover of a chaste mistress, perhaps a wife;—robbed her of her honor, the most brilliant jewel in the character of a woman;—robbed her of her station in the world, for no virtuous one will hereafter rank with her;—robbed her of the peace of a conscience which will be always flying in her face;—brought a disgrace upon her father, mother, brother, sister, and all her family, who have a right to set as great a value upon the honor of it, as you have upon that of your own; and it is much to be feared, she has been prevailed upon to submit to all this variety of evil, by the fair promise of unchangeable love which you made her, but never meant to keep.

Few women err from innate depravity; they are generally the victims of credulity, affection, or that childish vanity which is a part of their existence.——But credulity soon awakes from her delusive dream, affection sickens by neglect and insult, and vanity grows weary of her most brilliant atchievements: the wanderer then sighs for the calm delights of reason, and, with trembling, timid footsteps, re-treads the path which she was tempted to abandon. There she reposes, peaceful and unknown; compunction purifies the bosom which folly contaminated, and experience places a shield before the heart which Nature formed in the mould of sensibility.——Then comes the busy demon, Calumny, the story of her indiscretion is buzzed abroad; while the envious and obdurate of her own sex, the old, the ugly, and the ignorant, unite in a terrific phalanx, by taunts and persecutions, to drive her back to ruin.

BON MOT.

A gentleman in company with a *fair lady*, could not forbear telling her, that she was wondrous handsome. "Sir, says the lady, I thank you for your good opinion, and wish with all my heart I could say as much for you." "Why so you might, madam, says the gentleman, if you made no more conscience of a lie than I do."

BANNOCKBURN.

Robert Bruce's Address to his Soldiers.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' *Wallace* bled
Scots, whom *Bruce* has often led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory.
Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front o' battle lour,
See approach proud *Edward's* power,
Edward, chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee.
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freely stand or freely fa',
Caledonian, on wi' me.

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your son's in servile chains
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low,
Tyrants fall in every foe,
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward let us go or die!

FEMALE INGENUITY.

THE following curious anecdote has given rise to much pleasantry and amusement in the fashionable circles of Paris:—Three young ladies, nearly of the same age, and brought up from their infancy in a boarding-school at Paris, had contracted so strong an affection for each other, that they formed the resolution of remaining together for their lives. A very painful idea, however, shattered this happy prospect, and that idea was *marriage*;—which should their parents insist upon it, would inevitably prevent the eternal union they so ardently sighed for. The youngest suggested a remedy, and proposed, that as *polygamy* was prohibited in France, they should write to the Grand Seignor, requesting him to take them all three for his wives. A letter to that effect was accordingly written and signed by the trio, and being put into the post-office, with this address, "*To the Grand Turk, at Constantinople*," it excited surprise, and was carried to the Minister, who opened and read it to his great diversion, and that of his friends. The anecdote has been productive of many witty epigrams and humorous remarks in Paris, and has been made the subject of a *petite piece*, which is actually preparing for the Theatre Louvre.

ADVICE TO LADIES WHO WISH TO MAKE HAPPY WIVES.

TO be domestically happy with the man you love, peace and resignation must abound in your temper, and the strictest rules of virtue and modesty must form your conduct. You must endeavor to make yourself the object of reasonable and lasting admiration, which is not to be obtained from beauty, riches, dress, or fashion, but from those interior ornaments of the mind, which last to the end of life undefaced by sickness.

Prepare yourself religiously for all the gradations of fortune. Be rather passive in your temper than active. You will then relieve the occasional petulence of your husband, and soften him into immediate tenderness, none but the basest of men being able to withstand the endearing attraction of a placid and meek woman—who, while anxious for the pleasure of her husband, contributes much, if effected, to her own.

If you love him to a degree of adoration, take especial care that you prove it as becomes a woman of dignity, otherwise you may meet the spaniel's fate, and be corrected for your fondness. Suffer neither ambition nor violence of spirit to taint your mind, but be patient without the least asperity. Happiness is the lot of the submissive and silent.—Learn this and you will be admired by your husband, be respected by your acquaintance, honored by your relations, and attended by your servants. But, above all things, forget not the duty of delicacy, both in your person, conversation and deportment, if you mean to preserve your husband's esteem and your own conscience: and if you can accomplish that excellent quality of despising and discouraging tea-table tittle-tattle, and limit your subjects when in company with your own (which should be as seldom as possible, indeed scarcely ever) to general topics, you'll avoid the many mean things which corrupt the female mind, and render it unpleasant to your husband. This is an outline of advice, which if you contemplate properly, will undoubtedly assist you in your pursuit of wedded bliss; but if neglected, it may be otherwise: whether or not your demeanor be noble, your person beautiful, or your fortune great, your husband will rather rue the day he married you, than thank the man who first put him in mind of it.

NEERA.

THE young Neera dwelt in a village in the Province of Otranto: an old aunt was her substitute for a mother. Her fortune was small: her beauty attracted every eye.—Near her humble dwelling there lived, in the Castle of Castignano, a very wealthy man: he saw Neera, and instantly formed a plan to seduce her.

You may believe he swore to love her his whole life,——never to forsake her: they all use the same language.—Well! Neera shut her ears to his protestations—and yet she loved him!——He addressed himself to the old woman: a little gold sufficed to draw her over to his interest. She never ceased to extol, in the presence of Neera, the mental and personal accomplishments of this fine young man.

One day, and never did he appear so amiable and so tender, he bound himself before Heaven and the old lady never to have any other wife than Neera.——The distressed damsel sighed, wept, blushed, and sunk into the arms of her lover! It was a fault!——she should not have confided in mere promises.——It is very true; but oh, women! I conjure you, do not blame it!——be content to lament it!——For some months Neera was happy; but the delicious hours of love pass so quickly away!—the two lovers, cautious, at first, in the mystery of their caresses, began soon to betray it by negligence. The world believed them married.

Neera was the handsomest girl of the country; but she was not the only beauty. Laottio publicly married a new mistress, and conducted her to his Castle.

The forsaken Neera wept night and day.——how shall she have courage to appear in the village?——She thinks she already hears the satirical remarks of the inhabitants;—she fears still more their insulting pity;—she determines to go abroad no more.——Several days passed without her ever leaving her chamber, without her even opening her window:——she gave herself up entirely to sorrow!

On the day of a subsequent fête she saw several women seated at the door of a neighboring house, laughing and amusing themselves according to custom. She conceived a wish to join in their pleasures; She was anxious to know how they would behave to her. There was a time when they all called her their "dear friend."—Could they have the barbarity to shew her she had lost their esteem?—She advances with a timid step and a beating heart; she sits down, but not immediately in the circle. All is silence on her approach; no one heeds her; you would suppose she was not there.—In a little time, however, the conversation is renewed; it turns upon various matters of little importance. Neera ventured to slide in a word, a single word, in a low voice.—An old maid contradicts her with sharpness. Neera endeavored to explain. This drew upon her the most abusive language.

"Go, you unhappy wretch!—Laottio has treated you as you deserve.—Did you not know you were not his wife!—and yet you have the impudence to shew yourself among women of Virtue!"

At these words, Neera, the feeling and unfortunate Neera, rises in silence, runs rapidly to a neighboring well, and plunges in!——They run—they hasten to her relief—stop, take her out——She is dead!

ORIENTAL ANECDOTE.

In a certain city, a large quantity of cotton had been stolen. The cotton dealers brought their complaint before the king. Notwithstanding all the search that was made, the thief could not be discovered. An emir said, that, if he were commanded, he could discover the thieves; and the king ordered him to do so. The emir went home, and, under pretence of making a feast, invited all the men of the city, small and great. When all the people met together, and had seated themselves, the emir joined the company, and, looking every man in the face, said, "What ill-born, impudent, blockheads these men are, who, having stolen the cotton, are come to my feast with it sticking on their beards!" Some persons instantly put their hands to their beards, and thereby discovered themselves to be the thieves.

A young girl whose friends wanted to marry her to an old man, said, "What will he do with me? What shall I do with him?"

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRENCH MODE OF TREATING WITH ALGIERS.

Extracted from the official report to the First consul, dated 20th Fructidor, year 10. (September 7, 1802.)

"From the frontiers of Egypt to the strait of Gibraltar, the north of Africa is possessed by a people strangers to the public code of Europe.—They acknowledge no other right of nations than the laws of their police, which, permitting amongst themselves individual violences, authorize them with respect to foreigners, and even consecrate them as acts of courage towards enemies. They are ignorant that the law of nations, by its general rules abolishes those general rights, which a people too much inflated with their local importance, pretend to infer from licence of their usages.

"The regency of Algiers is particularly remarkable for an audacity which certain events must have increased.

Charles the Vth turned against Africa his victorious arms. He wished to deliver Europe from the incursions of barbarians, by reducing them to insignificance; but the event deceived him, and did not answer to the grandeur of his preparations.

"In latter times, Louis XIV. avenged on the Algerines the honor of the French flag. Algiers, by his orders, was bombarded three times in the space of six years; but here his vengeance was bounded. The affairs of Europe engrossed all his attention. The Algerines by this circumstance, however, learned from that period to respect France, and the peace which was concluded in 1689, subsisted above a century, when the instances and orders of the Sublime Porte caused it, in the year 7 [1799-1800] to be broken.

[Notwithstanding negociations were on foot, it was not until last December, that peace with France and Algiers was concluded.—But France very soon had reason to use more coercive measures with their treacherous enemies. New depredations on her commerce and insults to her flag, induced the First Consul to order a naval division for Algiers. Contre-admiral Lissegues appeared before Algiers with this division on the 5th of August, the next day adjutant-commandant Hullin, an officer of the palace, went on shore, and was received with distinction, he was the bearer of a letter from the First Consul to the Dey, which he delivered, and of which the following is a translation.]

"BONAPARTE, First Consul, *to the very high and very magnificent* DEY OF ALGIERS, *whom* GOD *preserve in prosperity and glory!*

"I write you this direct, because I know that you have ministers who deceive you, and who induce you to conduct yourself in a manner that may bring upon you the greatest misfortunes.—This letter will be delivered into your own hands by an adjutant of my palace. Its purport is to demand from you prompt reparation, and such as I have a right to expect, from the sentiments you have always entertained for me. A French officer has been beaten in the road of Tunis by one of your officers Rais. The agent of the Republic has demanded satisfaction and could not obtain it. Two brigs of war have been taken by your corsairs, which carried them to Algiers, and have retarded them on their voyage. A Neapolitan vessel has been seized by your corsairs in the road of Hieres, by which act the French territory has been violated. In short, of the vessel which was cast away last winter on your coast, 150 men are still missing, detained in the hands of barbarians. I demand reparation from you for all these grievances; and not doubting but that you will take all the measures which I should take in similar circumstances, I dispatch a vessel to bring home to France the 150 missing men. I beseech you moreover to mistrust those of your ministers who are enemies to France; you cannot have greater enemies, and if I desire to live in peace with you it is essential that you should preserve the good understanding about to be re-established, which alone can maintain you in that rank and prosperity you now enjoy; *for God has decreed the punishment of all those who are unjust towards me.*

"If you wish to live in friendship with me, you must not expect to treat me as a feeble power; you must cause the French flag to be respected, as likewise that of the Italian Republic, which has nominated me its chief, and you must make me reparation for all the injuries which I have sustained. This letter being intended for no other purpose, I request you to read it yourself, with attention, and let me know by the return of the officer I send you, the resolution you mean to take."

Whatever were the secret intentions of the Dey, he only testified the desire of living in a good understanding with the French Republic. "I wish always to be," says he, "the friend of Bonaparte."

He promised and actually gave every satisfaction that was demanded.

Extract of a letter from Demerara, dated the 27th Sept. last, received by the brig Recovery, Pierce.

We are again troubled by the Maroon negroes, and are afraid before long we shall have a general revolt of the slaves in this colony. I expect it will be so before long, as I before told you there will be no more slavery in Dutch Guiana.

From time immemorial there has prevailed at Nimot in France, a pleasant custom of leading about, mounted on an ass, those husbands who have suffered their wives to beat them. This ceremony, which has been revived at Souche some months ago, occurred about the beginning of August last at St. Eanne. The inhabitants of the neighboring villages, to the number of 1200, with little kittles, knippers, triangles, cornets, and other musical instruments of the same kind, seized hold of the person guilty of this fatal crime, and compelled him to undergo the usual promenades. Notwithstanding the turbulent gaiety inseparable from so great a multitude, the ceremony of the ass passed off without the least disorder. The whole body was under the authority of a Commandant General, whose decrees were irrevocable. The position, size, and order of march, were all regulated; the ratio of sins was only half a bottle, and they broke, without mercy, the bottle of him who violated the public laws. In short, every thing has passed at the expence of the husbands; but it is not known in what way the women who have been beaten will avenge themselves.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, October 23, 1802.

A smart gust of wind on Wednesday evening blew down many trees in different parts of this city, and damaged several buildings. The cupola of the City Hall was much shaken by it, and the windows blown to pieces, to the extreme discomfiture of the watchman, who was just in the act of crying "*all's well.*"

(Chron.)

We notice two very respectable institutions lately established in this city, for the extension of science and improvement in knowledge.

Gallery of Sculpture.

A number of gentlemen, desirous to establish a *Gallery and School of Sculpture* in this city, have contributed to the amount of about $3000 in shares of $50 each, for the procuring at paris, *casts* of all the finest antique statues.—The plan, which originated with Edward Livingston, esq. mayor of the city, is in such forwardness, that the celebrated *groupe* of the Laocoon, and the *statues* of Apollo and the Dying Gladiator, are already cast, under the inspection of our minister at Paris, and may be expected daily.

New-York Physical Society.

"Impressed with a full sense of the great advantage arising from a free interchange of ideas relative to medicine and disease, as well as to all such subjects as fall within the immediate province of philosophy, and believing that no method would so fully and so happily accomplish this as well regulated associations, where free investigation and candid enquiry preside. A considerable number of practitioners of medicine in this city have formed themselves into an association, to be known and distinguished by the name of the *New-York Physical Society.*"

Accounts from Wilmington, (Del.) says the Philadelphia Gazette, represent an alarming increase of the Yellow Fever. The Mirror, a paper of that place, is suspended in consequence.

On Tuesday night last, a copper bottomed Bermudian schooner, from Antigua, was lost on the point of Sandy-Hook. It is supposed to be the Experiment, with a cargo of rum and sugar, consigned to Messrs. Saltus, son & co. of this city. We are sorry to learn that the captain was drowned in attempting to get ashore—the rest of the crew saved.

From the Washington Federalist.

To publish the traits of a character already universally known, is to one who sets a just value on original matter, peculiarly unpleasant—the task, however, has been imposed on me, by considerations altogether irresistible. I therefore, declare to the world, as my most solemn conviction, that William Simmons, of the city of Washington, is an utter stranger to every principle that constitutes the gentleman—that he is a mean, filthy-minded, rude creature, and as destitute of manly courage as he is of good breeding.

Charles W. Goldsborough.

October. 18.

In consequence of the piece signed Charles W. Goldsborough, in Wednesday's paper, reflecting on the character of Mr. Simmons, a fracas took place opposite Rodes's tavern, in Washington. Mr. Simmons attempted to horse-whip Mr. Goldsborough, upon which the latter drew a pistol, and fired at the former; the ball entered the left wrist of Mr. Simmons. Mr. Simmons then drew a pistol, and fired at Mr. Goldsborough without injury. The parties then closed, and after a short scuffle were parted. They were not more than three paces apart when they fired. The ball was extracted from Mr. Simmons' wrist and he is in a fair way of recovery.

A new Planet has been discovered by the French astronomer Mechain—and he has very appropriately denominated it *Cerlican Sidus.*

Marriages.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Pilmore, Mr. Asa Waugh, *to Miss* Sarah Cowdry, *both of this city.*

At Mount Pleasant, Nathaniel Garretson, *aged 63, to* Clarissa Miller, *aged 23!!!*

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. John Dixon, *of St. Johns, to Miss* Hannah Woodward, *of the same place.*

Deaths.

On Wednesday morning, at 2 o'clock, Capt. Robert Simmons, a native of Scotland, at his house, No. 88 John street, aged 70, a worthy and respectable citizen.

On Tuesday the 28th September, in Philadelphia, Miss Kitty Redman, in her 19th year.—On the Saturday following, her sister, Miss Elizabeth Redman, in her 21st year, and on the following Tuesday, Miss M. R. Lawrence, in her 20th year.

It is a singular circumstance that in one week, three young ladies, nearly of the same age, and intimately connected, were thus taken from the highest health to the grave.

"Insidious archer! would not one suffice?
"Thy shafts flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain;
"And thrice, ere thrice you moon had fill'd her horn!"

At Wilmington, Miss Nancy Catherwood, aged 19 years and 5 days.

THEATRE.

On Monday Evening, Nov. 1, will be presented, the Tragedy of

ISABELLA,
Or, the Fatal Marriage.

To which will be added,

ROBINSON CRUSOE,
Or, Harlequin Friday.

MONSIEUR TONSON;

A TALE.

Recited by Mr. Hodgkinson, at Mount-Vernon Garden.

THERE liv'd, as Fame reports in days of yore,
At least some fifty years ago, or more,
A pleasant wight on town, yclep'd TOM KING,
A fellow that was clever at a joke,
Expert in all the arts to tease and *smoke*,
In short, for strokes of humor quite the *thing*.

To many a jovial club this King was known
With whom his active wit unrivall'd shone—
Choice spirit, grave free-mason, buck, and blood,
Would crowd, his stories and *bon mots* to hear,
And none a disappointment e'er could fear,
His humor flowed in such a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight—
A frolic he would hunt for days and night,
Careless how prudence on the sport might frown.
If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,
At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,
Nor left the game, till he had run it down.

One night, our hero, rambling with a friend,
Near fam'd St. Giles's chanc'd his course to bend,
Just by that spot, the Seven Dials hight;
'Twas silence all around, and clear the coast,
The watch, as usual, dozing on his post,
And scarce a lamp display'd a twinkling light.

Around this place, there liv'd the num'rous clans
Of honest, plodding, foreign artizans,
Known at that time by name of refugees—
The rod of Persecution, from their home,
Compell'd the inoffensive race to roam,
And here they lighted like a swarm of bees.

Well! our two friends were saunt'ring through the street,
In hopes some food for humor soon to meet,
When in a window near, a light they view;
And though a dim and melancholy ray,
It seem'd the prologue to some merry play,
So tow'rds the gloomy dome our hero drew.

Strait at the door he gave a thund'ring knock,
(The time we may suppose near two o'clock)
"I'll ask," says King, "if *Thompson* lodges here."
"*Thompson*," cries t'other, "who the devil's he?"
"I know not," King replied, "but want to see
"What kind of animal will now appear."

After some time, a lusty Frenchman came,
One hand display'd a rushlight's trembling flame,
The other held a thing they call *rulette*;
And old strip'd woollen night-cap graced his head,
A tatter'd waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread,
Scarce half awake, he heav'd a yawning note.

Though thus untimely rous'd, he courteous smil'd,
And soon address'd our wag in accents mild,
Bending his head politely to his knee—
"Pray, Sare, vat vant you, dat you came so late;
"I beg your pardon, Sare, to make you wait;
"Pray tell me, Sare, vat your commands vid me?"

"Sir," reply'd King, "I merely thought to know,
"As by your house I chanc'd to night to go—
"But, really, I disturb'd your sleep I fear—
"I say, I thought, that you perhaps could tell,
"Among the folks who in this street may dwell,
"If there's a *Mr. Thompson* lodges here?"

The shiv'ring Frenchman, though not pleas'd to find
The business of this unimportant kind,
Too simple to suspect 'twas meant in jeer,
Shrugg'd out a sigh that thus his rest should break,
Then, with unalter'd courtesy, he spake—
"No, Sare, no Monsieur *Tonson* lodges here."

Our wag beg'd pardon, and towards home he sped,
While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to bed;
But King, resolv'd not thus to drop the jest,
So the next night with more of whim than grace,
Again he made a visit to the place,
To break once more the poor old Frenchman's rest.

He knock'd—but waited longer than before;
No footstep seem'd approaching to the door,
Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound;
King, with the knocker, thunder'd then again,
Firm on his post determin'd to remain;
And oft' indeed he made the door resound.

At last, King hears him o'er the passage creep,
Wondering what fiend again disturb'd his sleep;
The wag salutes him with a civil leer;
Thus drawling out to heighten the surprise,
(While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy eyes)
"Is there—a Mr. *Thompson*—lodges here?"

The Frenchman faulter'd, with a kind of fright—
"Vy, Sare, I'm sure I told you, Sare, last night—
(And here he labor'd with a sigh unsure)
"No Monsieur *Tonson* in de vard I know,
"No Monsieur *Tonson* here—I told you so;
"Indeed, Sare, dere no Monsieur *Tonson* here!"

Some more excuses tender'd off King goes,
And the old Frenchman sought once more repose.
The rogue next night persu'd his old career—
'Twas long indeed before the man came nigh,
And then he utter'd, in a piteous cry,
"Sare, 'pon my soul no Monsieur *Tonson* here!"

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid,
And the next night came forth a prattling maid,
Whose tongue indeed than any jack went faster—
Anxious she strove his errand to enquire,
He said, "'tis vain her pretty tongue to tire,
"He should not stir till he had seen her master."

The damsel then began, in doleful state,
The Frenchman's broken slumbers to relate,
And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day—
King told her she must fetch her master down,
A chaise was ready, he was leaving town,
But first had much of deep concern to say.

Thus urg'd, she went the moving man to call,
And long indeed was she oblig'd to bawl,
E're she could rouse the torpid lump of clay—
At last he wakes—he rises—and he swears,
But scarcely had he totter'd down the stairs,
When King attacks him in his usual way.

The Frenchman now perceiv'd 'twas all in vain
To this tormentor mildly to complain,
And strait in rage began his crest to rear—
"Sare, vat the devil make you treat me so?
"Sare, I inform you, Sare, three nights ago,
"Got tam, I swear, no Monsieur *Tonson* here!"

True as the night, King went, and heard a strife
Between the harrass'd Frenchman and his wife,
Which would descend to chase the fiend away;
At length, to join their forces they agree,
And strait impetuously they turn the key,
Prepar'd with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the firmness of a rock,
Collected to receive the mighty shock,
Utt'ring the old eng'ry, calmly stood—
The name of *Thompson* rais'd the storm so high,
He deem'd it then the safest plan to fly,
With, "Well, I'll call when you're in gentler mood."

In short, our hero, with the same intent,
Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went—
So fond of mischief was the wicked wit:
They threw out water—for the watch they call,
But King expecting, still escapes from all—
Monsieur at last was forc'd his house to quit.

It happen'd that our wag, about this time,
On some fair prospect sought the Eastern clime,
Six ling'ring years were there his tedious lot;
At length, content, amid his rip'ning store,
He treads again on Britain's happy shore,
And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London, with impatient hope, he flies,
And the same night, as former treats arise,
He fain must stroll, the well-known haunt to trace—
"Ah, here's the scene of frequent mirth," he said,
"My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead—
"Egad, I'll knock, and see who holds his place."

With rapid strokes he makes the welkin roar,
And while he eager eyes the op'ning door,
Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal?
Why e'en our little Frenchman, strange to say!
He took his old abode that very day—
Capricious turn of sportive Fortune's wheel!

Without one thought of the attendant fee,
Who, fiend-like, haunted him so long ago,
Just in his former trim he now appears;
The waistcoat and the night-cap seem'd the same,
With rush-light as before, he creeping came,
And King's detested voice, astonish'd, hears.

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
His senses seem'd bewilder'd with affright,
His face, indeed, became a heart full sore—
Then starting, he exclaim'd, in rueful strain,
"Begar! here's Monsieur *Tonson* come again!"
Away he ran—and ne'er was heard of more!

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At No. 148 Pearl Street.
Tickets registered and examined by the Managers' Book.

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